



# **Kaptured By Krampus!**

A Kautionary Kartoan

By Bruce Neal

Speak of the Devil you say may care!  
Krampus awakens! Take care! Beware!

Violin dry and battlefield snare  
Banshees screaming in December air.



The Krampus is after a prize most rare  
The sad heiress of a billionaire.

That approaching hoof step on the stair?  
Little Kaye at play seems laissez faire.



The au pair, impaired, in her arm chair  
Has left the nursery unprepared.



Krampus bursts in! That fiendish bear!  
In his bloodshot eye Kaye boldly stares.

Soon in his basket she is ensnared  
Stolen away to a mountain lair.



Perchta, witch goddess, she lives up there  
Seven thousand eyes inside her hair.

Yet Kaye is not scared nor in despair  
She's given a ten page questionnaire.



In her village the alarums blare  
But the girl is to be found nowhere.

In one year hence comes a new nightmare  
'Tis Kaye now hunting December air.

Speak of the Devil you say may care!  
A Krampus is born! Take care! Beware!





